A Lamentable Ballad of *Little Musgrove*, and the Lady *Barnet*.

To an Excellent new Tune.

AS it fell out on a high Holy-day,
as many more be in the year,
Musgrove would to the Church and pray,
to see the fair Lady's there:
Gallants there were of good degree,
for beauty exceeding fair,
But wondrous lovely to the eye,
which did to the Church repair.

Some came down in red Velvet,
and some came down in Pall,
Then next came down my Lady Barnet,
the fairest amongst them all;
She cast a look on little Musgrove,
as bright as the Summers Sun,
Full well they perceived little Musgrove,
Lady Barnets love he had won.

The Lady Barnet meek and mild,
saluted the little Musgrove,
Who did reply her kind Courtesie,
with favour and gentle love;
Quoth Robert to merry Barnet,
rewarded with Cowslips sweet,
What you please little Musgrove,
in love me there to meet.

Within my Arms one night to sleep,
for you my love have won,
Of no chance fear my injurious Lord,
he's from home to gone:
For one of us he hath my death,
that night I will be with thee,
For thy fair love I'll hazard my breath,
to want thy love to me.

What shall we do with our little Foot-page,
our Counsel for to keep,
And watch for fear Lord Barnet come,
while we together sleep:
Red gold shall be his hire, quoth he,
and silver shall be his fee.
So he our counsel safely keep,
that I may sleep with thee.

I will have none of your gold, he said,
nor none of your silver fee,
If I should keep your counsel Sir,
'twere great Disloyalty:
I will not be false unto my Lord,
for house nor yet for land.
But if my Lady prove untrue,
Lord Barnet shall understand.

Then swiftly ran this little Foot-page,
into his Lord with speed,
he then was feasting with his own Friends,
not dreaming of this deed,
Most speedily the Page did haste,
most swiftly he did run,
And when he came to the broken Bridge,
he bent his breast and swam.

The Page did make no stay at all,
but went to the Lord with speed,
That he the truth might tell to him,
concerning this wicked deed:
He found his Lord at supper then,
great merriment they did keep,
My lord, said he, this night on my word,
Musgrove with your Lady doth sleep.

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IF this be true my little Foot-page,
and true that thou telleſt to me,
My eldeſt Daughter I'll give thee,
and wedded thou ſhalt be:
If this be a lye my little Foot-page,
and a lye thou telleſt to me,
A new pair of gallows ſhall be ſet up,
and hanged thou ſhalt be.

If this be a lye, my lord, ſaid he,
and a lye that thou heareſt of me,
Never ſtay a pair of gallows to make,
but hang me upon the next Tree:
Lord Barnet call'd his merry men all,
away with ſpeed he would go;
His heart was ſo perplext with grief,
the truth of this he muſt know.

Saddle your horſes with ſpeed, he ſaid,
and ſaddle me my white Steed,
If this be true as the Page hath ſaid,
Muſgrove ſhall repent this deed:
He charged his men to make no noiſe,
as they rode along the way,
For winding no horn (quoth he) for your life,
leaſt our coming it ſhould betray.

But one of them that *Muſgrove* did love,
and reſpected his friendſhip moſt dear,
To give notice Lord Barnet was coming,
did wind the Bugle moſt clear:
And ſo dermonds he did ſound
away *Muſgrove* and away,
For if he take thee with my Lady,
then ſlain thou ſhalt be this day.

Hark fair Lady, your Lord is near,
I hear his little horn blow,
And if he find me in your Bowers thus,

Lye ſtill, lye ſtill, little *Muſgrove*,
and keep my back from the cold,
I know it is my Fathers Shepherd,
driving Sheep unto the Pinfold.

Muſgrove did turn him round about,
ſweet ſlumber his eyes did greet,
When he did awake then did he eſpy,
Lord Barnet at the beds-feet:
O riſe up, riſe up, thou little *Muſgrove*,
and put thy cloathing on,
It never ſhall be ſaid in England fair,
that I ſlew a naked man.

Here is two Swords, Lord Barnet ſaith,
Muſgrove thy choice now make,
The beſt of them thy ſelf ſhall have,
and I the worſt will take:
The firſt blow *Muſgrove* did ſtrike,
he wounded Lord Barnet ſore,
The ſecond blow Lord Barnet gave,
Muſgrove could ſtrike no more.

He took his Lady by the white hand,
all love to rage converted,
And with his Sword in furious wiſe,
he pierc'd her tender heart:
A grave, a grave, Lord Barnet cry'd,
prepare to lay us in,
My Lady ſhall lye on the upper ſide,
cauſe ſhe's the better Skin.

Then ſuddenly he ſlew himſelf,
which grieved his friends full ſore,
The death of theſe three worthy wights,
with tears they did deplore:
This ſad miſchief by lust was wrought,
then let us call for grace,
That we may ſhun the wicked vice,
and lye from ſin apace.

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